

New Century Gazette



(Secrets)

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Having put bondage to bed(so to speak) in the last issue, we would like now to turn to a few other topics and general themes.

The Gazette is now compiling an O.C.A. image file issue. Students and Faculty with any visual images of any sort are welcome to contribute. Nothing will be rejected and all material will be returned.

Images may be dropped off at the S.A.C. office(76 McCaul, second floor) on Mondays and Wednesdays between noon and one p.m.

ERRATA

The Student Annual 1975/76 includes a short story about Mr. Eric Friefield, chairman of the Fine Arts Dept. The story is told in the first person but does not have a by-line. It was not the intention of the author, Bruce Richards, to imply that Mr. Friefield wrote this story himself and we apologize for the omission of a by-line.

I've reconciled the illusionistic location of cerebral imagery in fictive space with the pictorial opticalities of formalist abstraction

WHAT A MAN!



Kevan

Hickes sez

“ ... omigod ohmygod oh

my gawd oh jesusstew what're you doing here?

oh his ghostly face hung out the door with tiny eyes and a mouth

you could walk through oh i live here oh so but it became cool because he

was a wild oneoh he was in retreat right now oh he was being a farmer nowoh thats groo-

vy oh yes well he was an artist but school was over he's working it all offoh

christly balls shut up and give me the mailoh we were great oh we were a new

audience for him oh he could swagger out his stories fresh off the vine ahyup oh my gawd horse-

laugh haw oh jesus we told him a beaver joke while he was eating some whipped (thats important)

cream plasticpie the goy guffawed in mid-mouthful spraying whipped (important) cream in our hair oh that be-

came another story oh but he was doing sterile work never mindoh needed another name oh who am i now he

asked oh i'm sick of being an oh artist and oh farmers just don't work out oh jack heeshy was living with us

then oh he finally announced at breakfast that he had slept with a warm body and it wasn't a girl oh he decided

oh i am heeshy now you are not oh we most certainly aren't oh heeshy kept us laughy-waughy oh burping after

every mealoh she was social oh a cute blemish oh don't be fobbed off the story's almost there oh she finally

filled us full with stories oh had to dress up to find friends oh a little rouge here a little bruise there oh invited

the parkside two hundred flutters to a party oh four dollar fifty wedding dresses promenading in oh christ that

was a beauty oh our time is almost up ink is running slow so she threw us away for another day oh i saw her

the other day oh nobs her nipples were cut out for show oh nips hello hello oh she cuts a fine figure oh whips

them with a fine feather oh yes i videoed her the other day oh hi ho silver buckle has her own stable now my

gawd i didn't know people did this sort of thing i wonder oh no you don't oh my gawd oh

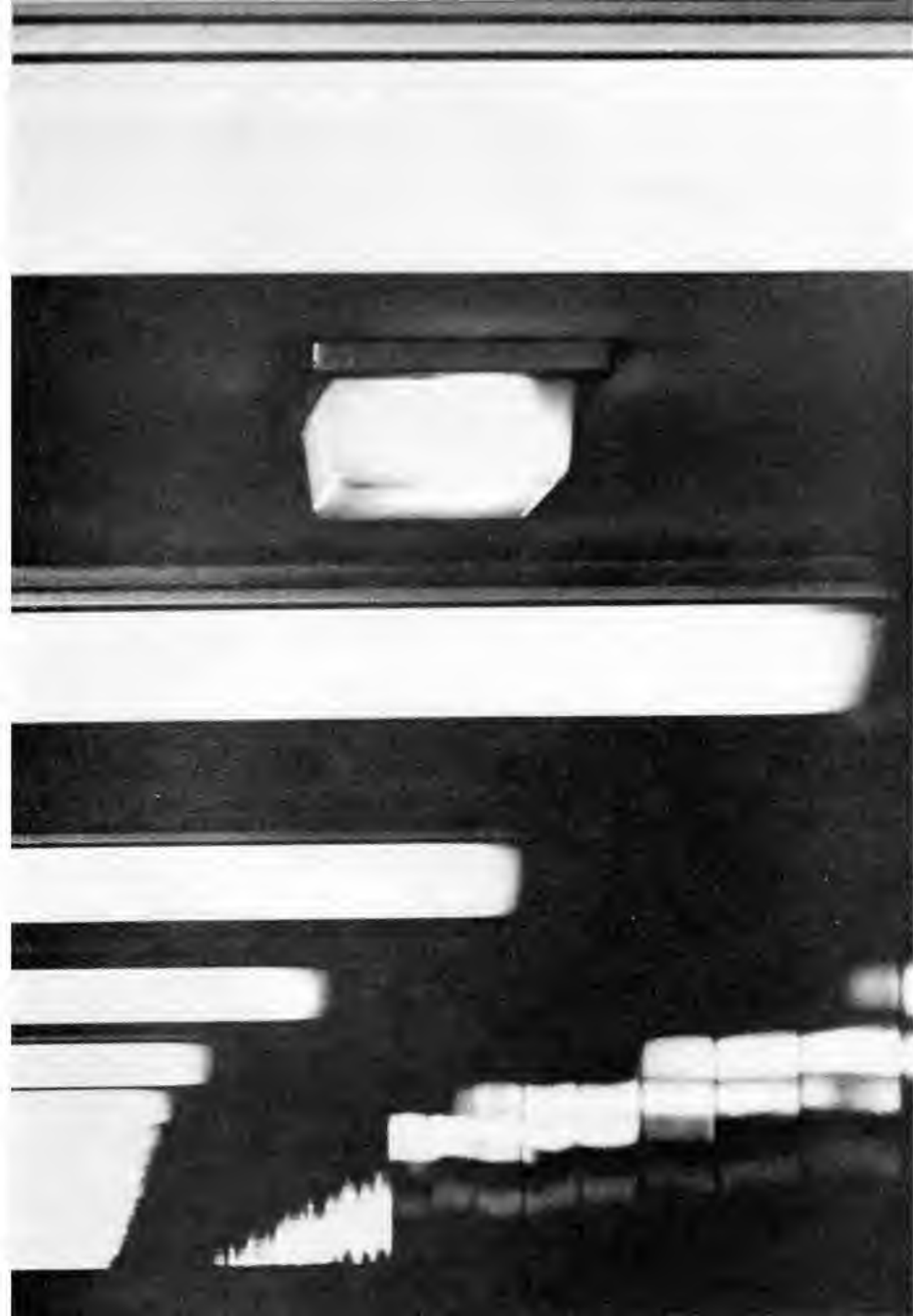


1. Gabriele Vogt
2. Rob Sikora
3. George Whiteside
4. John Carro

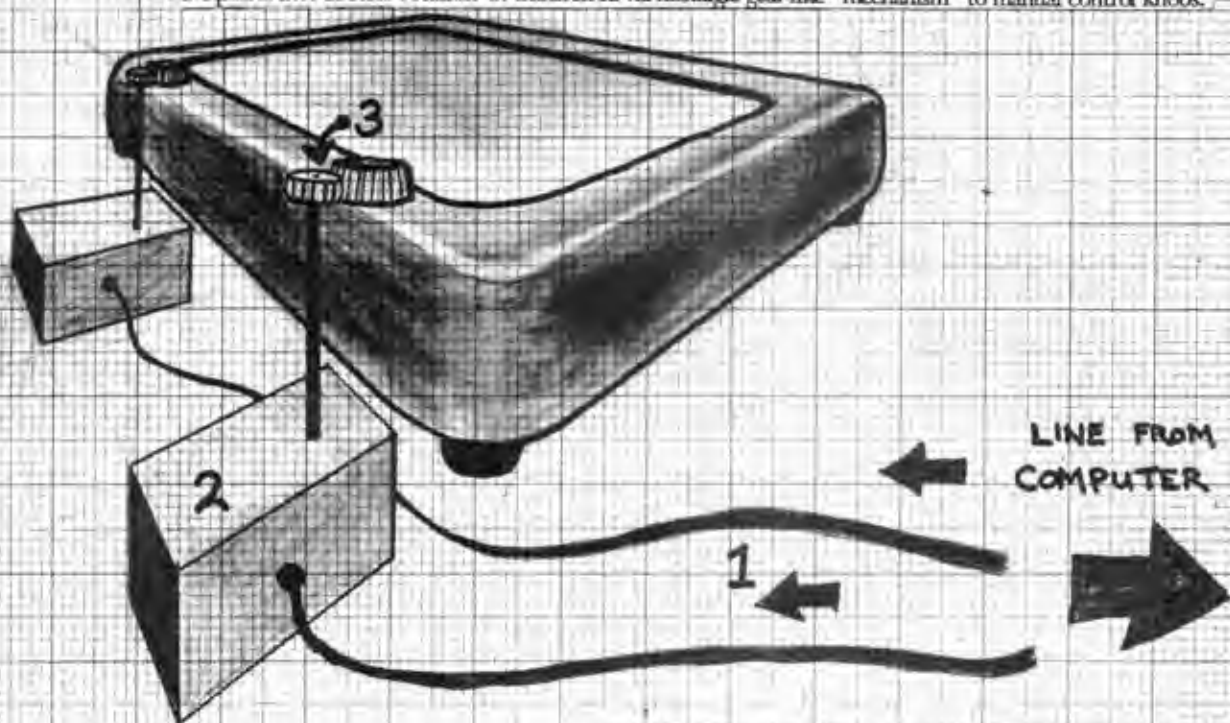








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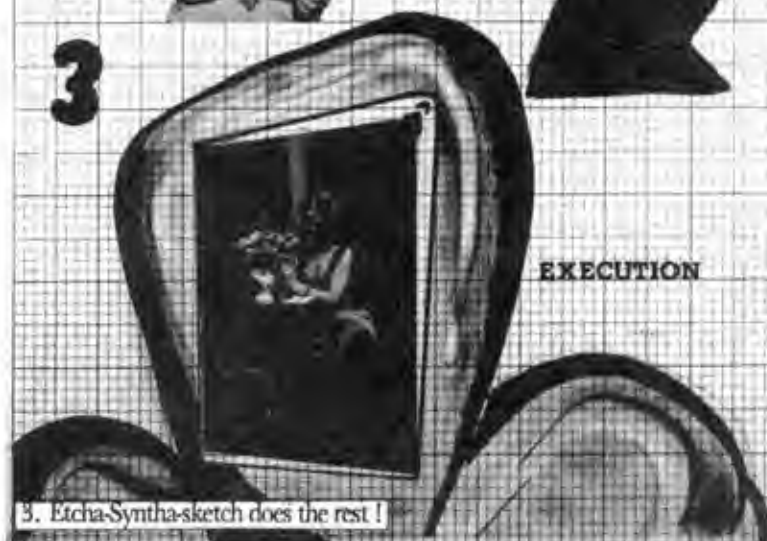


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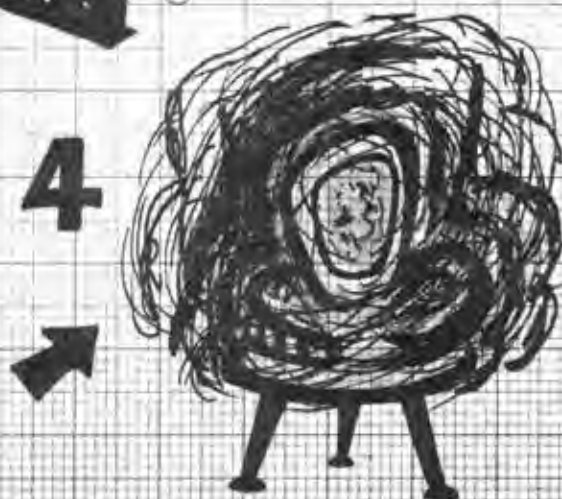
select scene you wish
to syntha-sketch



Selection



EXECUTION



ERASURE

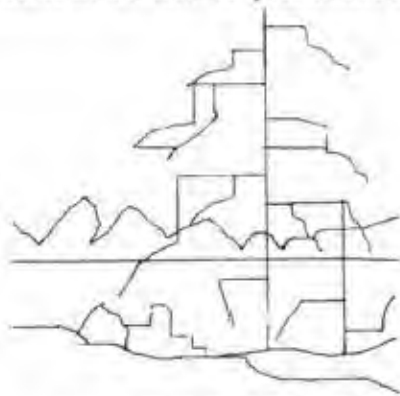
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Original by Tom Thomson



non-syntha Etcha-sketch



Etcha-syntha-sketch

BASTARDIZING WRITING EXPERIMENT

traduit de la merde française par l'auteur

The young poodle dog strolled carefully along the walkway, trying to discover an objective. It is ignored by the human realities of life for it has its own realities, dog realities, to ponder.

It happened to come across the warmth of the sun on this particular day which made it perspire, its hair a burdening heat blanket. It then commenced to "pisse" against a tree. The golden fluid stained the tree and gave it a distinctive annoying odor. Young children who were watching came over to observe. Their young bodies quickly retreated when they caught scent of the smell of urine-stained bark. Billy, one of the children, was being laughed at now by the others. He had "pisse" his pants, the stain being presented in display on the crotch of his pants.

Oh, how the human being is humiliated by the young children of its race. And so now we must stop to ask ourselves do squirrels mate and if so, what happens to one if it is raped by a monkey? We need to know the answers in order to distinguish between animal society and the human evolutionary cycle.

What is animal society? It is where senseless minds are imprisoned in ridiculous anatomical structures, where foul odours and excremental logic is reality and where the objective is from here to there, and in and out and no more.

What is the human evolutionary cycle? It is where man is the evolutionary, where man is classified as human animal and related to animal society.

I, Arteau, have been asked by dogs and horses, cats and cows and every other species in animal society to stand up for their behalf and present their rights of freedom of action to the human animal. And though I remain neutral I did happen to accept the proposition and now address to you, human animal, that all animals have rights on this planet to exist with freedom without the rights being opposed upon by acts of annoyance, kidnapping and murder to which are attributed to and practised by the human animal. And so, after this having been spoken about, I now shall have my say of relativity in animal-human societies. I, after studying the possibilities of relativities, have come across only three true axioms.

1. Defecation and urination are the acts practised by both.
2. Vomiting, distinguished from maladies, is the practise unintentional.
3. Sexual intercourse is the practise stressed by both.

And here, I might add that male-female is of the norm while male-male is of the abnormal, a practise of domesticated animal-human societies.

And I'd like now to quote to you a Dr. B. Hudson, professor of surrealized science of Toronto in order to bring further evidence into this matter of the relativity of animal-human societies. Here he narrates his experience on a field trip "I had just arrived in the forest green when my binoculars were thrown suddenly into the river. I noted a slight upheaval of the sky when it started to rain but I didn't care less, for I had my work to do, and besides, it was a sunny day. I watched intently two birds being destroyed by a raccoon for treasonous acts to which then I had the misfortune of coming, to where that I can't say. Only after removing the seminal stain from my crotch with nail polish remover did I begin to listen to some clams on the seashore snore. I thus performed a little trial experiment by urinating on them to observe the molecular reactions that are set off when urine and sunlight, both wonderful energies, meet on a clam plane. But then my wife came over to watch my experimentations. Thus, I couldn't resist the paths that lead one to discovery, so I grabbed

her and pulled down her drawers in order to reveal the light of her voluptuous ass as opposed to donkey to which tears leapt into my eyes when my gaze penetrated its "ho"; And then I knew that it's in this very "ho" where my genius lies and thus I grabbed my trusty tweezers and started pulling out "cheveux" and thrusting in methyl alcohol but then a disaster came about. The methyl alcohol I employed was set off by a fart further reaction and her ass as opposed to donkey exploded, blowing off one side of my face. I was thrown to the ground, a bleeding suffering creature. I lay an undescrivable mess on the ground for days while homosexual wolves made shambles of my ass as opposed to donkey, further feeding my immense suffering. But on the fourth day I was rescued by a local farm girl who strengthened my damaged soul with vaginal warmth, lips meeting lips. Having been brought back to civilization, I then wrote an article on my discoveries and exploits and was praised and patronized for my endeavors and contributions as well as my dedication to the surreal sciences."

+++++

Feel my fire, feel my hates. Bathe in the debauch, curse the infernal skies. I see only to well, but am blinded by the sickness of existence. Give me my eyes that seer and maim whoever they see. Give me my mind the storebox of a thousand dreams But yet I ask who can give me my freedom? What is it that prevents me from attaining it when I have need of it? Sacredness never was the key that could unlock my heart, concealed behind a hundred furnaces...fuel only for the inner depths of my consciousness and the destruction of all that I see...destruction of all that I feel. Mind justice, why not? There is no love to cleanse my wounds that never seem to heal. But yet, how can they when they are being repeatedly ripped opened from time to time...this endless time...that flies so fast. It will be gone before I know it, now give me back my thought sword. I have to destroy the stink and slime that only I can see.

A muderer's vengeance I shall inflict upon this cursed rabbit to make way for my tastes...that were created from within...never from without. Annilate the sewer of reality, I scream or else the smell with intoxicate.. inebriate...warp and distort.

Escape inside. Hide behind closed-closet doors and open these new lights of these much forsaken heights.

Become, I say, criminal of mind... or risk becoming an inactive bulb... a bread mold of life interwoven between its many shapes and disguises.

But am I not not also trapped too? My soul says no. It wants to kill all that it feels. But she says yes with her presence. You have no soul. I am your soul, Liar! Bitch! Deceiver! I am me, the villain, the criminal of mind. Come fear my wickedness. She approaches with a weapon...her weapon, a smile. Always that smile. Tall but not without her weapon.

Why don't you fear me? Can you not see that I am beyond the average reality? You must join the others. They say that I am crazy, you must too. But her smile says no...I am not criminal of mind...just victim of mind... only the lonely seeks this form of gratification...

But the furnaces begin to blaze...burning through these lies. Her happiness must see suffering...must feel suffering. I breed in it. It creates me. She will see me as "le fou" that I am. I begin to approach her... my mind burning like fires in hell...like raging torments never before beheld!

But she smiles anew. Love explodes from my heart. I fall to my knees, wounded and defeated. She knew! She knew! The slave of passion that I am!

Arteau, sieur de la tour.



Quotes

Art is of course the great theatre for the substantive enactment of the drama of cerebral man in controlled motion.

-Gary Michael Dault

Knowledge in Art is not knowledge

Learning in Art is not learning

Ignorance in Art is ignorance

Art-schooling is not schooling

-Ad Reinhardt

What you see is what you see.

-Frank Stella

Much of the confusion in the Art world today arises from the failure of the cultural establishment to recognize, once and for all, that elitism and permanence are dead.

-Alvin Toffler

Our awareness is all that is alive and maybe sacred in any of us. Everything else about us is dead machinery.

-Rabo Karabekian

Art, I suppose, is only for beginners, or else resolute dead-enders, who have made up their minds to be content with the ersatz of Suchness, with symbols rather than what they signify, with the elegantly composed recipe in lieu of actual dinner.

-Aldous Huxley

My beer cans had no beer in them.

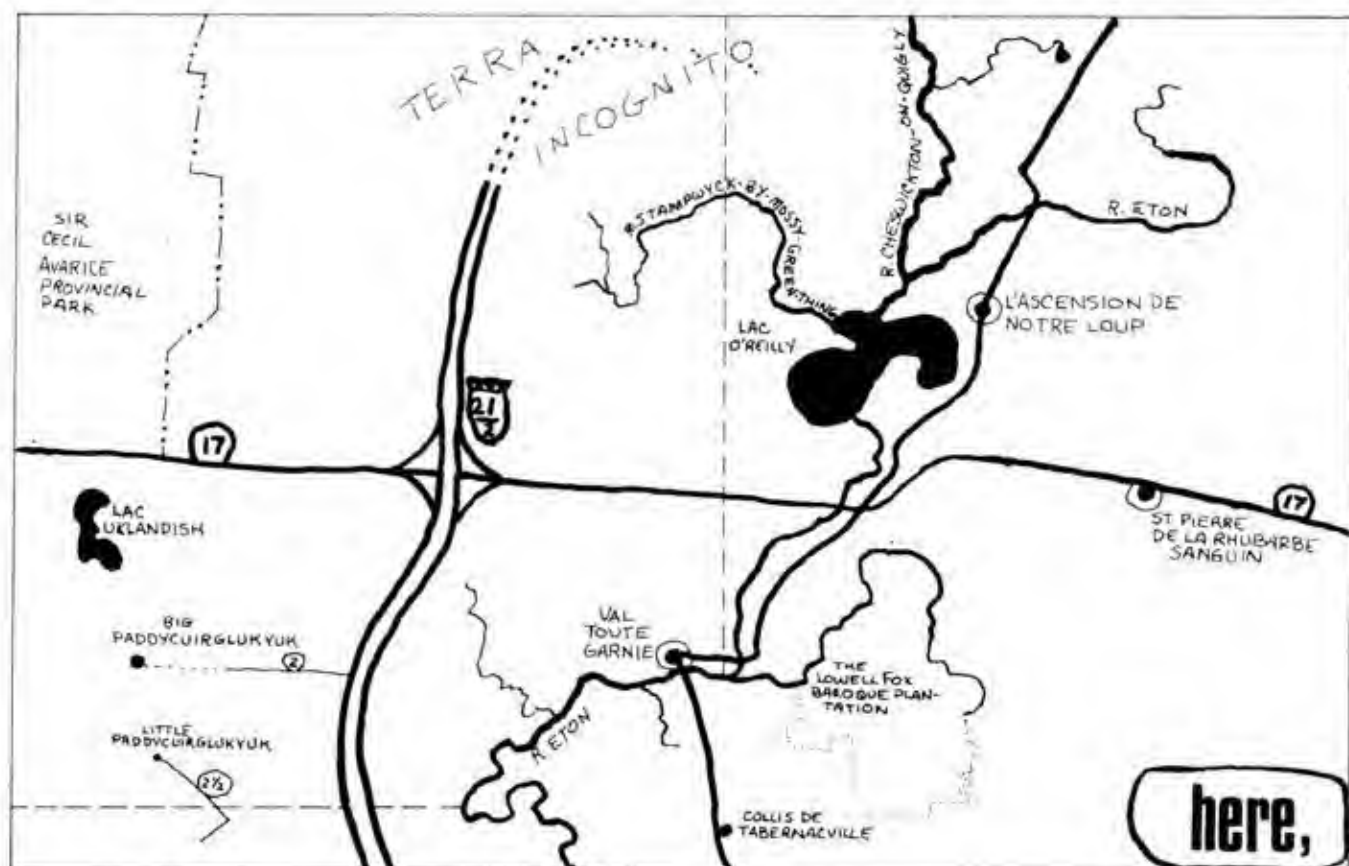
-Jasper Johns

somewhere,



not far from...





MEDIA SEA STUDIOS AND IONICBLAST IMAGEWORKS PRESENT ---

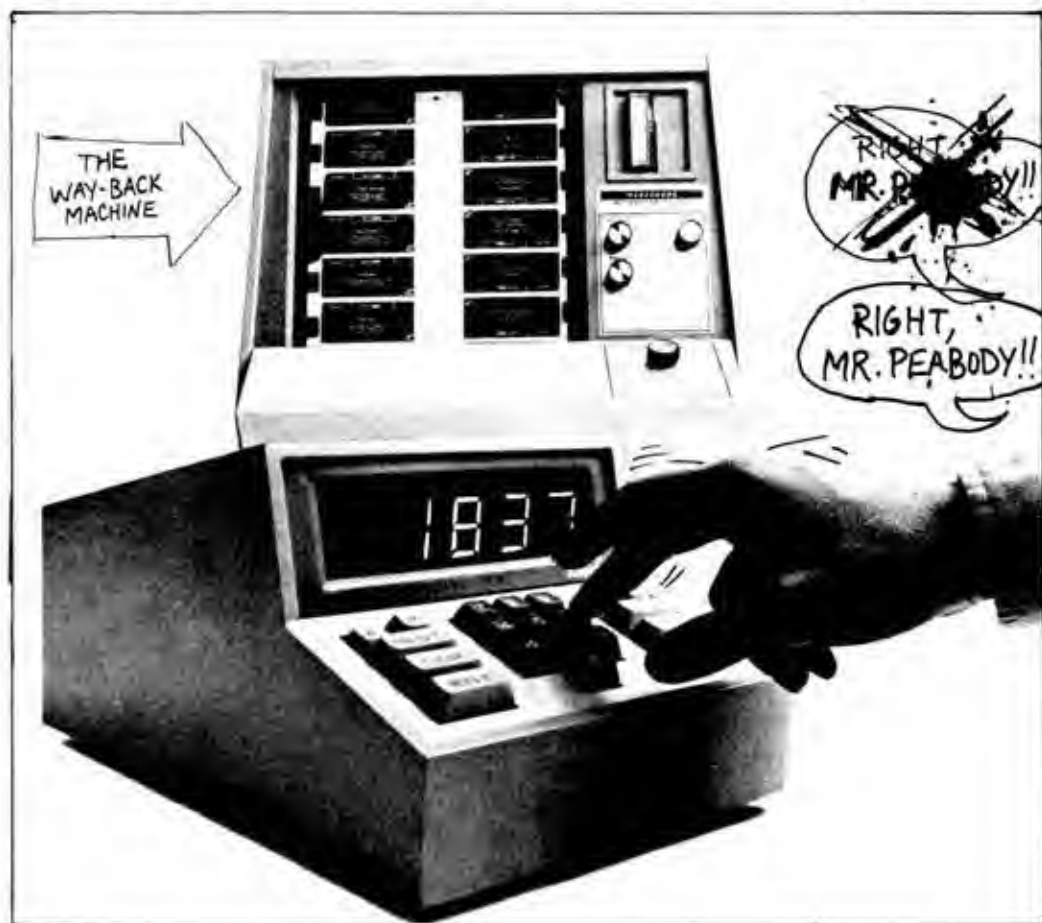
RALPH RASTER

(MEDIA MASTER)

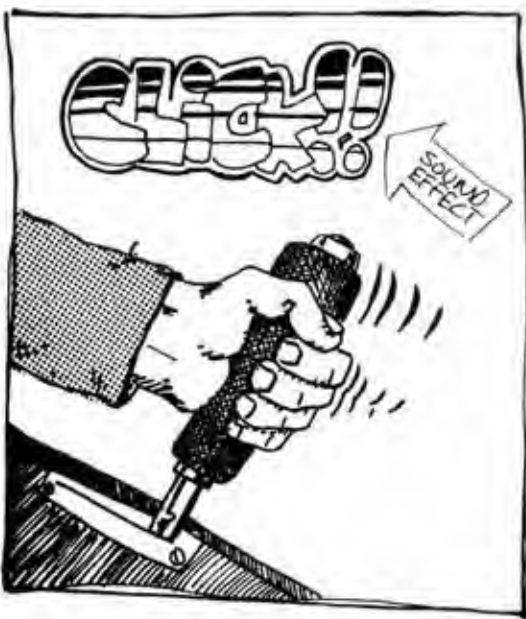
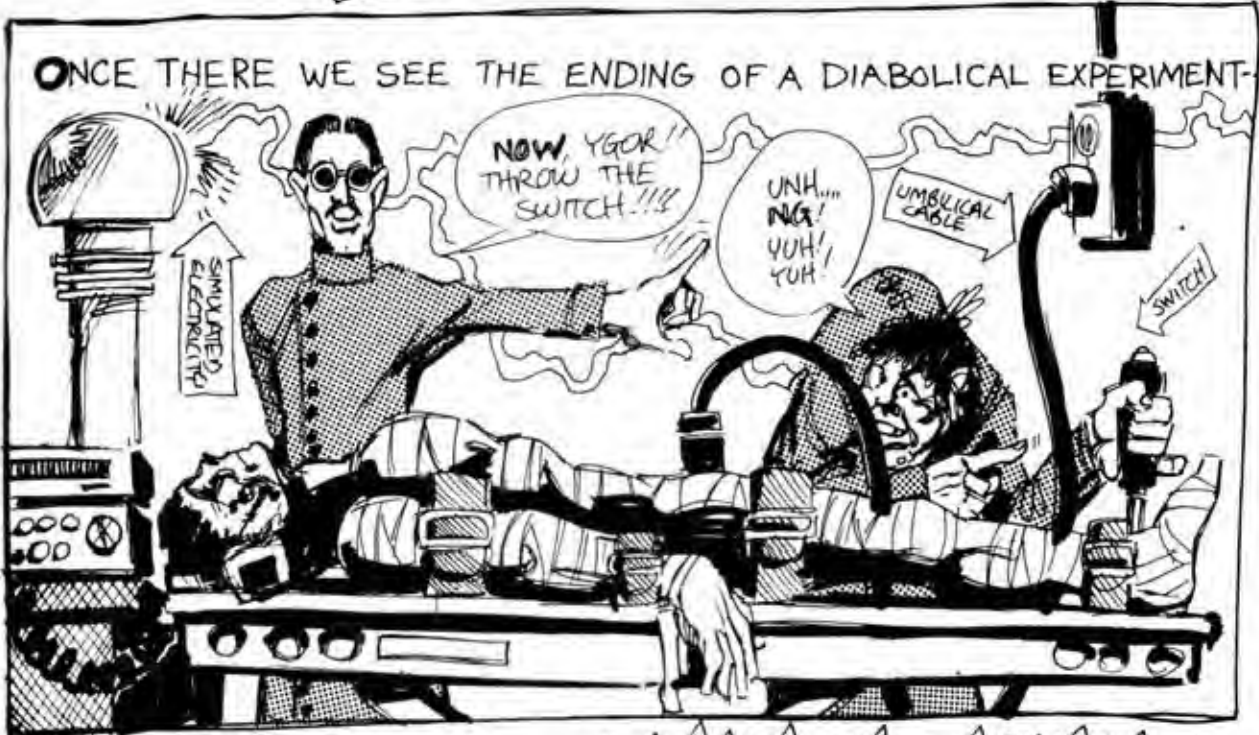
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Space!

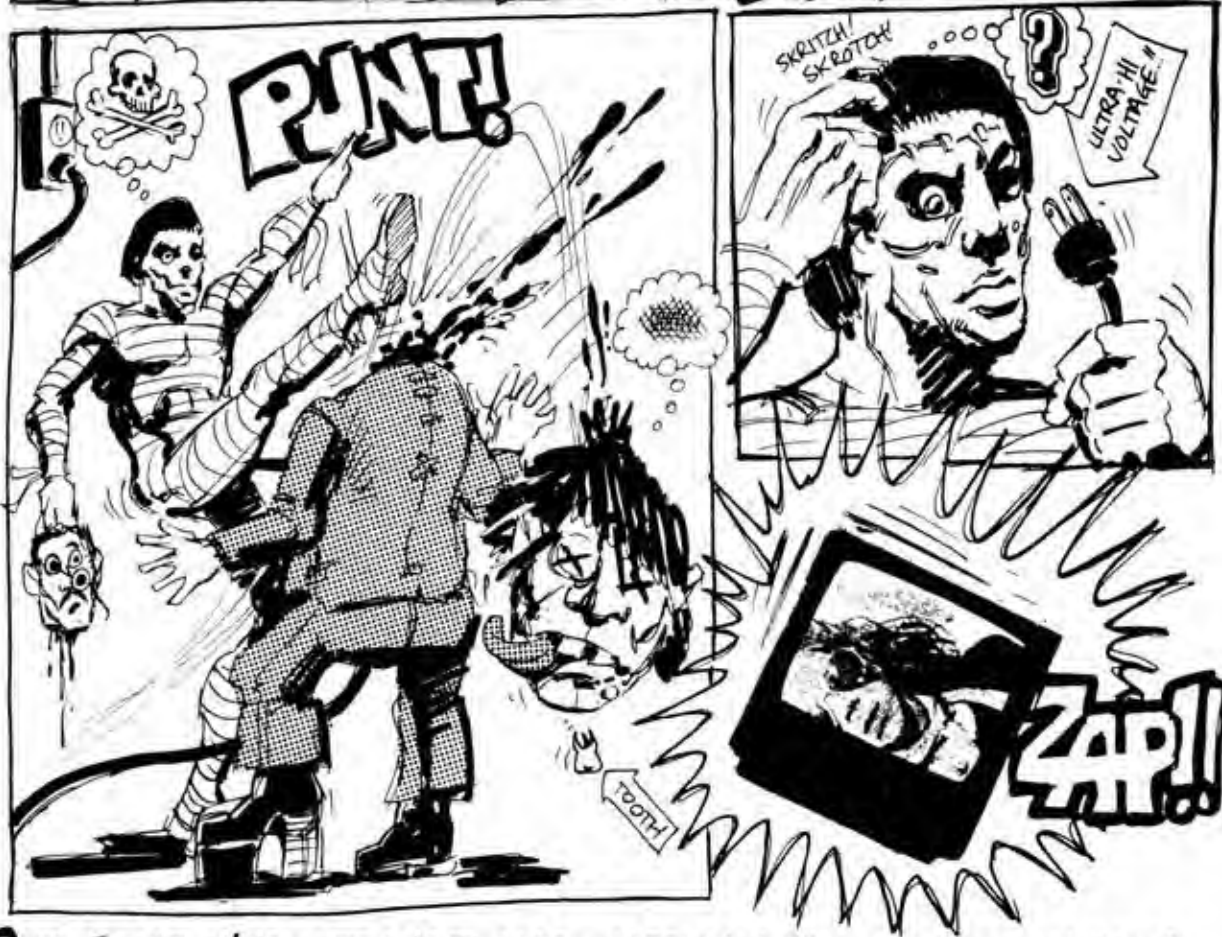
OUR STORY BEGINS ---

"SHERMAN --- SET THE WAY-BACK MACHINE FOR 1837!!!"



1949 1863 1839 1887 1945 1960 1839
 BACK-WAY BACK-TO THE LAB OF DOCTOR VICTOR VON VIDEO!!
 1956 1876 1883 1923 1855 1933 1841 1941
 1915 1964 1897 1926 1902





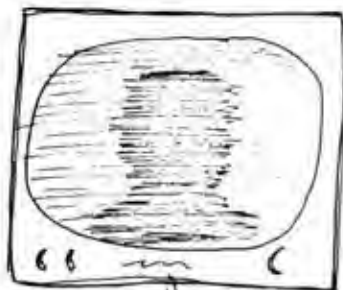
BUT--SOMETHING STRANGE HAS HAPPENED!!! WHEN THE MONSTER DESTROYED THE LABORATORY--HE UNLEASHED INCALCUABLE AMOUNTS OF ELECTRICITY!! THIS ENERGY--SOMEHOW--UNITES WITH THE LATE DOCTOR'S VIDEOSCOPE TO PRODUCE NEW LIFE!! LIFE WHICH LIES DORMANT UNTIL ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY NINE YEARS LATER--

IN THE STUDIO OF AN ART COLLEGE, VIC VIDEO (A DESCENDENT OF THE DOCTOR'S) BRINGS A WIERD OBJECT TO CLASS FOR "SHOW AND TELL"!

THE HAND OF FATE AGAIN CHOOSES TO INTERFEAR --!

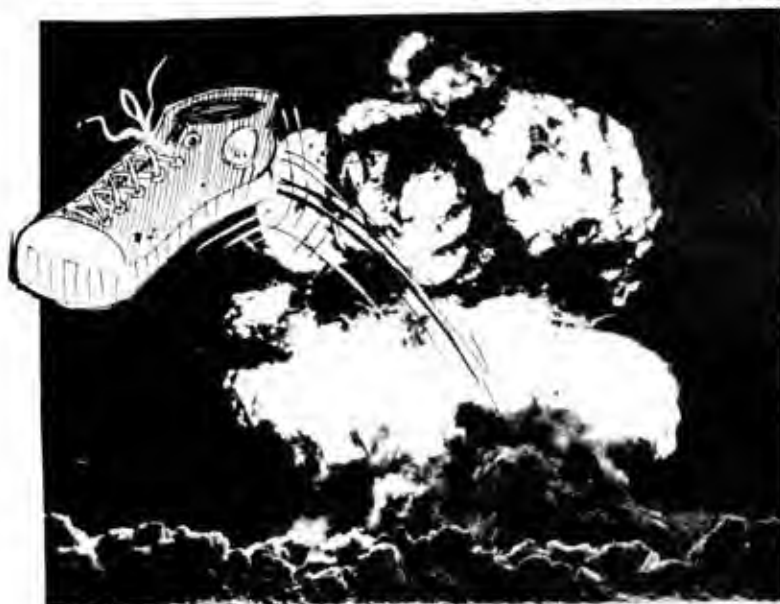


THE POWERFUL ~~X~~ ELECTRIC CHARGE FROM THE SYNTHESIZER -- PLUS THE CLOSE PROXIMATY TO LASER LIGHT -- AWAKENS THE SLEEPING LIFE WITHIN THE TUBE --!!!



BUZZZ CLICK HMUM

WHERE AM I??



KA-BOOM!

OMIGOD!! WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?!! I GUESS THE OTHER HALF OF THAT BEAM HIT AN OUTLET CAUSING A CRITICAL POWER OVERLOAD RESULTING IN AN ATOMIC BLAST!! A RARE OCCURANCE, THOUGH NOT UNHEARD OF.. OH WELL, THATS ALRIGHT WE WERE GETTING BORED WITH THIS STRIP ANYWAY... WONDER IF THERES ANYTHING GOOD ON T.V... ~~WELL, I guess...~~

~~STAY TUNED FOR MORE FUN AND ADVENTURE NEXT TIME, WHEN...~~

~~**RALPH RASTER**
MEDIA MASTER~~

MEETS

~~the **COMING COMPUTER**~~

the end



Ramones-Interview!

Recently John Catto and Rob Sikora interviewed the Ramones at the New Yorker theatre. All the Ramones were there along with their manager Danny Fields (previously manager of Iggy and the Stooges). All were really nice, not at all what one might expect from their media image and couldn't of been more helpful.

The Ramones lineup is Johnny (Guitar), Joey (Vocals), Tommy (Drums) and DeeDee (Bass). All with the second name Ramone.

Q: What do you think of all the CBC guys with the T.V. cameras?

DeeDee: We like that! We like that!

Tommy: Taking pictures of us? We like camers.

Q: Do you like playing dances?

DeeDee: Dances?

T: Yeh! Well we don't play dances. I mean you can dance to our music, but we like to see people bumping up and down, we like to see them looking at us!

Johnny: Do they still have dances or do they just have DISCO?

DD: Well I personally like it when they look at me, you know.

T: Well I like them bouncing up and down, watching you, not er.....it's a show...not a dance.

Q: The magazines and media are playing you up along with the New York punk rock scene. Do you want to be identified with that or do you want to be just known as the Ramones?

T: We are definately the Ramones!

But, er.....the scene is offering us exposure so we welcome that. I mean but everybody knows that we're very different from every other group in that scene, so that doesn't matter, we're getting good exposure from it.

Q: Don't you worry that with everybody lumping it all together, that people who haven't heard you don't know what's going on?

Danny Fields: Right, they make it seem you're the same as every other group they mention from New York. You read a review of CBGB's album and they say ,oh it's all punk rock.

T: Do you get a lot of English press here? Well the English Press has been different from the American press, well for some strange reason they've been harping on our dumbness or our stupidity which we have nothing to do with, you know, in other words whether we're stupid or not is immaterial, I mean that certainly is not initial to our music, our music is exciting, it's loud and rock 'n' roll and has absolutely nothing to do with stupidity per say, now, if they look at our intelligence and our songs instead of just going stupidity then it's obvious that there ain't no other group like the Ramones and there ain't no other....period! I mean there may be punk rock groups all over the universe but there ain't nobody like the Ramones!

J: Yeh, it's funny, like in New York there's like a few headlining groups but they're all different from each other.

Q: Yeh, like in Melody Maker, they'll say Television and the Ramones together and they're totally different.

J: Have you heard Television? They're nothing like us.

Q: Well, somebody who hasn't heard them might get the impression that you're both the same.

T: And it really is a shame, I think there's a chance that people who'd like Television come to see us and think they won't like Television, they get a certain idea while people who like hard rock and go see Television and think the Ramones are like Television, and it should be cleared up and I hope it will be because obviously there's very little similarity between us except that we play at the same place.

Q: Do you think there's a chance that Rock as it was will ever come back ?

T: I don't think things can happen again, period, that is to say repeat itself, things happen kind of spontaneously

Q: Not again, but resurface there's always been kids playing what they want to play.

T: That's what we do, we just got together to do what we wanted to do and that's what it's about.

J: Well it seems to be resurfacing kids will just do what they want to do and maybe get a better chance at making it, like within the next year or two.. There seems to be just...er...a ray of light.

Q: How do you find the record companies are treating the bands in New York?

T: Well as of about a month and a half ago they're opening their wonderful arms, it's just back-lash from like the early 70's when they signed so many people that the market just got saturated and they went into a reversal where they wouldn't sign anybody and now ~~their~~ very cautious but they are looking.

Q: Do you think that by following a minimalistic approach and concentrating the energy you're creating a new shade of art.

T: What we're trying to do is play good music. We're not playing a sculpture of music or anything like that, we're playing what we like to play and it comes down to that. Rock and roll got started cause people got tired of listening to Patty Page and orchestrations of Mitch Miller and they wanted to get down and ...(mimes rock beat)...and people called that savage and raw and back in the jungle and all that stuff and I mean I'm not saying we're doing the same thing right now but it's still rock 'n' roll.

At this point the Ramones leave . Danny Fields stays to talk some more.

Danny: ...and the MC5 and now what you get like in the British press is you know that this group doesn't compare with the MC5 and the Stooges and the Velvet Underground you know it's such crap...it's the same people when those bands were out they weren't giving nothing not an inch. They went "what's this garbage". It always happens it's certainly a trend with the press, the critical press that last weeks thing is great and this weeks thing suck's and last week, last weeks thing wasn't so great but now it's cool. Well we see that a lot if you follow the critical response in New York in any kind of popular art or movies or anything just remotely Avant-Garde you always get that.

They've got very short memories they say we really loved the Stooges back then, where were you when the Stooges needed you man? Where were you when Iggy needed you because you know it may be too late for him now, it was mainly inspiration rather than any identifiable thing, it lives on in the heart of another generation. He could never do what he did then, he doesn't have a band, he doesn't have the youth, he doesn't have....he can't do it again. But, people always ask me that about Iggy. Do I think he's got a chance? Well it's almost irrelevant. He made history, it's very hard to make history on that level and then you know, but I don't rule it out because he's a great singer, he's got a great voice and he's a great interpreter and so he could very well come back. I know a lot of stuff he's doing now is according to his old band. softer than the 1968 Stooges.....I can't imagine that he could go on a stage and redo what he did.....

COUGHTRY RETROSPECTIVE (ST.CATHERINES)

October 27,1976.....by H.'Ellen' Deklass

Deklass travelled to St.Catherines to see the exhibit,arriving at noon. The first stop was the Sunset Restaurant in the downtown area. While in the restaurant we enquired about the location of the Art Gallery. Of eight people we asked, no one knew where it was. We felt that this information or the lack of it, was somewhat profound itself. Later, driving along the city streets looking for the elusive gallery, we asked pedestrians where they thought it was located. There were a few guesses but no one really knew.....the situation was becoming distressing but not without a great deal of laughter on our part. Finally we saw a mailman:'ah ha! The mailman must know.' 'Art gallery?' the mailman asked with a puzzled look. 'Well how about Rodman Hall? Rodman Hall, yeah I guess they might show art stuff at Rodman Hall, yeah well you go back down the way you came and.....'

We finally arrived at the Art Gallery. The retrospective was set up so that the viewer sees Coughtry's work in chronological order, showing work from 1955 to the early seventies.

The earliest painting of the exhibit 'Afternoon Sunlight' and 'Interior Twilight' have a formalistic sense of design.

Strong vertical and horizontal movement. The colours are soft and luminous, reminiscent of Bonnard.

The paintings done in the late fifties get increasingly darker, more enclosed, they have strong variations of tone, bright blues and purples flashing out through the darker tones. The design in the later paintings is no longer as formalistic as in the early ones. The vertical and horizontal movement is now replaced by slashing diagonals.

From 1961 on, Coughtry stops using the strong contrasts of tone. Although the paint is tonally lighter he maintains a heaviness in his work, thick atmosphere, like Giacometti's work.

His later paintings,(late 60's) demonstrate a definite and precise change, colour naturally evolving with controlled but loose forms;feel wet- like going swimming. Definitely H₂O.....

I get an incredible feeling of water
(mid-sixties painting)

I like to get right up to the painting and look at it from four inches.

For Coughtry to work for me I have to be back 8-10 feet,it's then that the colours start to vibrate.

Marcus likes them from 21 feet.

Up close they're like sculpture, like modelling.

Thats because Coughtry is such a sloppy fucker, gobs his paint on thick and emotional, get back and look at it vibrate. Stare at that painting for a couple of minutes.

You could really live with that painting.

Combined greens, oranges and blues are not my usual colours but here they're laid back.

Which colour comes out furthest for you?

Those three red dots.

No mud, except some intentional heaviness, the green seems to be the special ingredient, it makes the other colours sing but doesn't get too heavy or predominant, not even in the green water painting.

The late 60's paintings are landscapes with figures as horizon.

A perceptual jump--figure ground juxtaposition.

The couples paintings are almost obscene, finger licking good. Makes me glad I'm painting.

Look at that hard edge there.

Hard Edge screwing.

The Honesty is so out front. Hanging an incredibly viscous screw on a gallery wall.

Where does it go? Let's leave formal balance. Where is it?

Coughtry doesn't participate in the reductionist school of painting.

What can you do now? Painting is done. You can go sideways, backwards but where forward?

I find that all good has an undeniably powerful force within itself.

How did you end up coming to Toronto?

--I took a bus.



SAPPHO MUSES ON THE SILL
PROJECTING HER PERPLEXITIES TO THE
WINTER GREY THROUGH THE GLASS
DREAMS PERHAPS THAT SNOW HAS TURNED TO GRASS.

AND LANGUISHED ON THE FURNACE VENT
HALF SEEMS TO RECOLLECT
OF CRAZY SIAMESE SUMMERS SPENT
IN SAHARA SUN
CRYING AT THE NECROPOLIS MOON.

Marlene

THE MAGNIFIDIOUS PERPUNDEROUS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE MADE
MORE LAVISHLY LUCID IN THIRTY LESSONS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LESSON X: The Guests and Gators of Norm...Lowell Fox, 1065

-I-

- 1 the guests have been invited
to gavotte until its nighted
3 when the alligator women will
perform.
From across the sands of time,
thru quicksilver and thru lime,
6 they will slip into the great
abyss of Norm.

chorus:

on keys of type they danced
all day
beneath the hot sun's sway.
they each thought all to be
a brother
and toasted one another.

-II-

- 7 the King of Norm 's alighted,
and his stockings have been
righted
9 so he can speak a word or two
without congestion.
"Lets resing the Normy anthem
as we gavobble on a transom
12 and together slip into the eye's
digestion.

-III-

- 13 the alligator women
their mouths all full n brimain
15 burst upon the scene as soon as no
moon
beamed on the throng of happy
punch-drunk and hashslappy
18 and oggled all the throng on
Normy Dune.

-IV-

- 19 the King of Norm all puffy
from ingesting a transom tuify
21 smiled on the moonlit alligators.
the twenty feet in height
they were a graceful sight
24 as they pranced about the desert
amptitheatre.

-V-

- 25 At the stroke of equinox
the guests all picked up rocks
27 in the shadows of the alligator
w women.
and always as in past
they ate them to the last,
30 as a gesture to the god of vigor
vimin.

chorus:

on keys of type they danced all
night
go-going with all their might...
beneath the deserts heavenly sky
while shooting stars went by.

-VI-

- 31 ah, woe of weatherned time
has mesmerized my rhyme
33 but I shan't forget the feathered
King of Norm
nor the alligator women
with mouths all full n brimain
36 nor the realm of Normy Dune and
desert warmp.

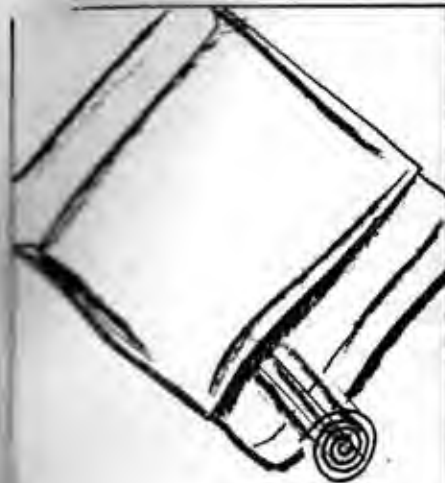
PROJECTS TO TELL THE CLASS:

Make a comfortable tank for swimming;
next cut out a large pastel-shaped
flower; out of cardboard; now watch
the sunlight carefully fold a large
goose out of the flower of cardboard.
How is this perverse?

Essay Questions:

- 1.) in relation to motive, purpose and theme, what reason can you give for this gathering?
- 2.) compare line 30 as the main line of this poem with line 30 of any other poem. Line 12?
- 3.) what do you think the poet was saying? How can you use these principles of life in your everyday life? on dates? at summer camp?
- 4.) why do you suppose there is no mention of geese or cardboard flowers in this poem. How, then, can you explain the absence of obvious references to illicit sexual practices?
- 5.) would you rather read this in a pay toilet or a free drive-in? Why?
- 6.) what kind of music do you think the alligator women danced to? Why?

Loop



remove tape from envelope



tape is blank approx. 1 inch either end (for your splicing convenience only) be sure to splice blank tape out



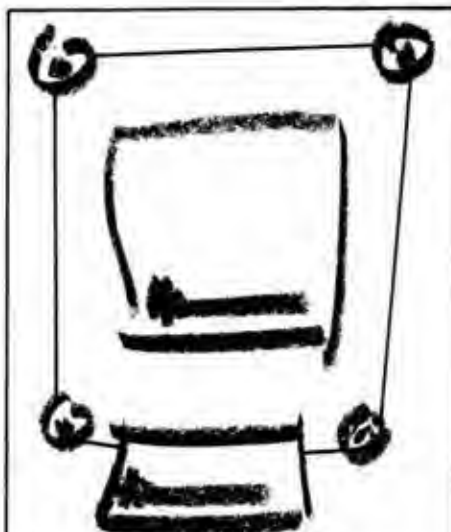
place one end over the other (no twist) shiny side in



tape on outside (base side)



a loop!



place on machine



listen forever...



Rocky Mounted Inspection

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